

## True tae masel.

The arrival of the wild geese in East Lothian each year is a sure sign that winter is not far off. I always think of it as a symbol of passing time and the transitory nature of the individual human life. As far as my own life goes, some folk fly the flag for their country, some champion a political party, a faith or a philosophy; I just try to stand up for myself.

Wi noisy geese the fields are fu,  
Aw through the stibble rangin.  
It's nippy in the mornins noo,  
The clocks will suin be changin.  
The seasons come an seasons go  
An bide but for a spell,  
But as they pass, for weel or woe  
I'll stey true tae masel.

Auld freends are scattered far an wide,  
For freendship often cools.  
Yin thing I never tried tae hide –  
I hae nae time for fools.  
An whae's been richt an whae's been wrong  
It's only time will tell;  
But be time short or be it long,  
I'll stey true tae masel.

I'm sadly altered in the flesh,  
I ken, since younger years.  
Where mirrors showed me fit an fresh,  
An auld goat noo appears.  
But carefree youth wi health an strength  
Like autumn leaves aye fell;  
And till death drags me doon at length  
I'll stey true tae masel.

Wi noisy geese the fields are fu,  
Aw through the stibble rangin.  
It's nippy in the mornins noo,  
The clocks will suin be changin.  
Whae kens what winter will bring in,  
Or what fate will compel;  
But calm or storm, through thick an thin,  
I'll stey true tae masel.